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faced girl by Kristine Laache Thorne, which lives before us and delights by its evident reality, though the features are homely, and the costume rather naïvely painted. A handsome landscape by Bernhard Hinna shows a stretch of bumpy grass land, as in a peat country, with warm atmosphere over sky and land. The description conveys no idea of individuality, but the eye recognizes it at once. Again there is a scene unmistakably Norwegian, of a wooden house amid wild, snowy uplands; its windows warmed with the glow of lamp and firelight; and outside in the blackness a group of empty sledges. It is by Lars Jorde and is called "The Christmas Dinner." Not far from it is a group of children in a village street, by Erik Werenskiöld; not posed for a picture, but represented artlessly, as one feels sure they stood. And then there is the view of a "Fiord," by Sigmund Sinding, and two beautiful night pieces by Thorolf Holmboe.

This is little more than a repetition of names and one has to ask the reader to accept one's assertion that these pictures are all of remarkable individuality. It would not be difficult to criticise them, especially in the matter of values; some of them are even a little crude and none of them have, to use the studio term, a "painter-like" quality. But they are the real stuff; executed, not to display or justify a method of painting, but in pure love of life and country, and with a spontaneity of motive that makes them infinitely worthier, in their relation to humanity, than many miles of innocuously accomplished work, without either purpose or conviction.

After Thaulow, the most accomplished painter, at any rate in landscape, is Mlle. Kitty Kielland, a lady of very strong personality, as shown in a portrait of her by Erik Werenskiöld, who, by the way, exhibits also a very simple but extremely forcible portrait of Henrik Ibsen. Mlle. Kielland has two brilliantly convincing pictures of the Jotunheimen, of dark water and sun-warmed snow, but her best is a "Landscape of Jaederen," a scene of peaty hummocks, bright blue straggling stream and clear vaulted sky; most striking in its virility of method and the conviction which it suggests of showing the scene as it really is. Other landscapists of noticeable strength are R. Hjerlow, Andrew Singdahlsen,

Otto Henning and Kristen Holbö, while for landscape combined with figures, mention should be made of August Jacobsen. Of these, Henning and Holbö depict the movement of trees in wind as Thaulow does that of water. Indeed, throughout these landscapes it is the robust aspect of nature that one finds represented here; there is real stir in the air, vitality and freshness in land and sky alike. And the above list by no means exhausts the memorable painters. There are snow scenes by Glöersen, Hjalmar Johnssen and Nils Hansteen, a marine by Hans Gude and landscapes by Eilif Peterssen.

But I find myself enumerating names, while my purpose is to convey some idea of each national exhibit to those who will not see the pictures. Of this one of Norway, therefore, let me say, in summary, that like Denmark's, discussed in a previous letter, it is racy of the country and instinct with life of the healthy, buoyant sort. So far as Europe is concerned, an invigorating reaction is setting in from these northern countries, not forgetting Finland. To study their work alongside of that produced in Paris, is like opening the windows after a banquet; I had almost said, a debauch. On the one hand is the exquisiteness of super-sensuous refinement, with its inevitable consequence of heightened sensitiveness but debilitated nerves, and on the other a whiff of nature, crisp and keen; "a nipping and an eager air," as Shakespeare puts it, a little too searching, sometimes, in its crude freshness, but in the main revitalizing. The Latin genius is worn out with excess of *esprit* and once more, after a thousand years, new life and manhood, this time for art, is rolling in from the North.



AUSTRO-HUNGARIAN ART AT PARIS

A

No section in the exhibition is so dismembered as this one. In direct conflict with the geographical studies of our childhood it is necessary now to regard Hungary and Austria as distinct; while the latter, so far as its art exhibit is concerned, distinguishes between "The Society of Artists of Vienna," the "Secession of Austrian Artists," the "Exhibition of Polish and Bohemian Art in the Austrian Representation" and the "Group of Austrian Artists Residing in Paris."

To arrive at a practical understanding of this section, one can ruthlessly brush aside this tangle of jealous discrimination. The showing made by the last named is trivial in the extreme; not one of the exhibits deserves

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independent study; the pictures might just as well have been hung in the French section, except, perhaps, that their insufficiency of merit would have prevented it, and they have dragged in Mucha with a few clear, but slight designs, whereas he really belongs in the Hungarian section. In the hanging of the pictures the Polish and Bohemian artists are not distinguished from the rest of the Austrians; so, reducing the complication to its simplest terms, we have a representation of the conservative and secessionist artists, respectively, of Austria and of those of Hungary; three groups.

Beginning with the rival factions in Austria, one is confronted with commonplace on the part of the conservatives. There can be no question that their gross exhibit, as it hangs revealed in the Beaux Arts, is almost entirely uninteresting. There are one or two portraits, perfunctorily *comme il faut*; a few mythical subjects that do not suggest even the simulation of feeling, and some landscapes, manufactured to express emotion regardless of truth to nature. There could be no profit in signaling names in an exhibition so mediocre.

The Secessionists have, at least, individuality. Every picture makes a definite impression. But before individualizing, I will try to gain an estimate of the movement as a whole. Lying upon tables are specimens of their "Organ," a magazine entitled "Ver Sacrum"; the walls of their gallery are decorated specially and honor of position is given to some pictures by Gustav Klimt, to whom has been awarded the Grand Prix. Judging from these three hints, and, I think, not unjustly, the Austrian Secessionist movement has too much of conscious pose to be genuine; while certainly artistic, its tendencies are unhealthy and the contribution it makes to the art of the world is of the kind to create, rather than to remove, prejudice. The magazine, for example, as a piece of bookmaking, is sumptuous beyond any other thing of the kind; but it is wearisomely bizarre, I had almost said freakish, in the variety of shifts to which it puts itself in each number to maintain a perpetual pose of arresting attention. Between the covers of the bound-up numbers there is a regular variety show of artistic devices, and the pages literally cry out for recognition. The decorations of the gallery, also, artistic enough, are so in a fashion least expected; the lines of ornament curl about in defiance of all recognized curves, the very studs to which the pictures are hung, refuse all correspondence to each other. Everything, in fact, protests its divergence from preconceived ideas, and leaves the unpleasant suggestion of purposed pose and unhealthily egoistic motive. Then, Klimt must be taken as we find him; the man of men in this artificially rarified atmosphere.

He is a symbolist and his largest picture is entitled "Philosophy." One half the canvas is occupied by a fountain-like display of vague colors, shot with gold and silver, out of which looms a woman's face. Another appears at the bottom, glowing in warm red light; up the left side is a ladder of human forms, nude; the bottom one an old man. The meaning of the symbolism eludes me; but the ill-drawing of the nudes does not. From the old man upwards, the suggestion of their forms, is disagreeable, to put it mildly; unwholesome, hysterical and nasty, to say what one really feels. He shows, too, a moonlight scene on a river; a man in ordinary dress at the stern of the boat and a nude woman standing in the bows; also, a bust of Pallas Athene, morbidly unclassical, with the Medusa's head on her corselet, sticking out her tongue; and this is used as the seal or sign-manual of the periodical, "Ver Sacrum." When cleverness, or call it genius, if you will, declines to this sort of thing, one is justified in saying that there is something rotten in the state of Denmark.

On the other hand, it is very pleasant to find that none of the other pictures in the gallery exhibit any trace of morbidity and that all are examples of honest and individual craftsmanship. There is a charming portrait of a singer by Josef Mehoffer and a little one, highly finished, but very dignified, by Adalbert Hynais; landscapes by Wilhelm Bernatzik, Eugène Jettel, Hans Schwaiger and Theodor Hoermann, and two extremely clever genre subjects by Carl Moll.

The revival of art in Hungary has been within the last fifty years. In the days of King Mathias, four centuries ago, she had a flourishing period of art which found expression in architecture, metal work and painting, but the ravages of the Ottoman invasion swept it all away, and the struggle for existence, which was uninterruptedly maintained until the middle of the present century, made art impossible. Now, the reaction has set in and Hungary is breeding artists in excess of the popular demand for their work, although the Government is spending money liberally to foster the public taste. The artists have acquired their training in various schools of Europe, so that the exhibition presents a curious medley of motives and methods. Here and there, especially in landscapes, one comes across a picture more clearly Hungarian in feeling; a little crude in technique, but making up for it by the evidence of fresh and original conception and of an almost passionately tender poetry. In figure painting, the one man who stands out as at once a vigorous technician, as shown in portraits, and as an idealist in subject pictures, is Vlaho Bukovac, a native of Croatia; a man who would be notable anywhere.